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1967

Pulse

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"I stayed, and I'm glad I did!"

1969

It's at times when the wheels are really turning, when the doors of possibility have been taken off their hinges that we fail to look over our shoulders and appreciate the rapidly increasing tracks behind us. I intend to do just that. Without worrying about any particular order, let me enumerate some unprecedented changes Xavier Hall has seen in the last eight months. Begin with the two hall cars at our disposal; our entrance into the Student Association and subsequent representation; the freedom afforded in our daily schedule; liturgical freedom and opportunity; extensive renovation in different areas; color TV; greatly lengthened summer vacation and a longer inter-term recess; apostolic work at the migrant camp and the renewal of C.C.D., etc. This is not a thank-you note to Fr. Hanish, but at the same time I think recognition is due to the efforts he has made in each of these areas and acceptance of the fact that a single "No" from his office could have kabashed any of the above. But it also took a concerned and active student body to work on, and once obtained, to implement and take advantage of the possibilities offered. So a great number, if not all of you, can pat yourselves on the back.

But more important than the more tangible gains, I believe that a genuine spirit has evolved since the end of our initiation. True there has been friction at times, but from this, I think, we have come to a point where we can accept each other. The exchanging of ideas that cover a scope as varied as the interests, experience, and thought of the members of this hall ranks highest on my list of the advantages of being a Mongie. Though our interests vary, we're on the same road. And while we go at this together, we afford each other with an opportunity to broaden ourselves immensely. So guys, thanks. Being here this year has made me a better person (and a little better drinker). See you next year.

Darryl Conroy



Letters to EDITOR

Dear Steve,

Many thanks for the latest issue of Pulse. It's nice to be ahead of everyone else here on the latest news from Mongieville. I really enjoyed reading it all. I especially got a kick out of Archbishop Henderson's exploits. He sure is a character!

I must say, Dr. Nett, that although you may find yourself out of petrol on occasion, you certainly know how to keep the fire bright on the press-front. Pip-pip, governor! Good show! I hope to see more.

Ralph Verdi

Dear Ralph,

Thank you for writing us. A hearty congratulations on your acceptance at Eastman School of ~~Ma~~ sic. We're looking for a minimum of three symphonies per year. Good luck!

Dear Editor:

I wish to register a protest concerning a certain article in the last issue of Pulse entitled "Rabbi's Rubbish." The only thing in the whole article that reaches the realm of reality is the

title. But, that is neither here nor there.

My main purpose in writing to this bedrock publication is in reference to one particular ~~praise~~ in Mr. Rhia's (sic) ~~trivia~~, which says and I quote, "wouldn't it be nice if. . . one could hibernate for four years during the Nixon administration and then wake up?" I seriously question the ~~propriety~~ of this comment. ~~Never~~ at a loss for words, I'll ~~just~~ remind Mr. Rhia (sic) that he would lose a lot of baby fat around the mouth in a four-year hibernation. But, slander on his part, even by implication, gains nothing unless he can offer a worthy suggestion. At which I will ~~see~~ that our effective ~~president~~ receives his idea.

In passing, I quote Life magazine of March 21 which says, "Nixon's extemporaneous and flawless hour-long report to the people on his European trip is now taken as evidence of genius." I only hope that Mr. Rhia (sic) will eventually see the true light of Mr. Nixon as

simply by the appearance of Mr. Feicht next to myself. (This, of course, is taking for granted that he will not be in Palos Heights on that day.)

So I warn you. Such unprofessionalism by your writers can only bring you unnecessary trouble.

Yours in myself,
And through my tongue,
The Model Seminarian.

Thank You

With this the last issue of Pulse for this year, I would like to say thanks for all the people who made Pulse a success. First of all, I would like to thank all the parents who contributed money. We hope you got your money's worth. We have tried to present a well-rounded idea of what's been happening in Xavier. To Father Spanbauer and Brother Robert I would like to say thanks for the use of their equipment and the cooperation they have given us. Also to St. Mary's Seminary in Crown Point for running off Pulse for us. And of course, Fr. Hanish for censoring the articles in each issue. It takes time and money to put out an issue of Pulse. And if it wasn't for all these people, it would have been impossible to put an issue out. So again, I say thanks.

And now with all cutting aside, I would like to thank the people who carried the load of getting Pulse out. Dr. Nett did a great job as editor. Rich Longworth carried most of the load for getting Pulse ready to be run off in proof-reading and typing. To Frank Hubeny in all the time he gave in typing. the patient work of our faithful photographers, Glen Brandel and Ed Lampa. And to the artists, Al Hartway and Jim Blackwood, I say thanks. These are the guys that carried the biggest loads, but others helped and to them I say thanks. And I think I can say Pulse was a success this year.

Gene Zondlo
Business Manager



Orchids to the

BUSINESS CHAPTER

At approximately ten o'clock Monday morning, April 21, the Business Chapter of the Cincinnati Province met to decide upon the Novitiate and the Theologate programs. By noon the delegates had agreed to suspend the period of Novitiate until the General Chapter would meet in Rome next September. A final decision would then be made in light of that decision. The remainder of the Chapter was devoted to the discussion of the Theologate. From the start it was evident that this would be the more important issue on the agenda.

Discussion resumed again on Monday afternoon concerning the motion that the Theologate program be moved from Saint Charles Seminary. Inquiries were made to establish whether an adequate formation program could be set up for September, 1969. After almost four hours of very sincere and honest dialogue the motion carried thus ending the first day of the Chapter.

On the second day of discussion every effort was made to organize some type of flexible policy. It was decided that a Co-

ordinator of Theological Studies be assigned in order to assist the seminarians to enter a program which best suits their talents and special needs. It was also agreed upon that the seminarians would in some way help pay for their education. Most certainly the Chapter created a more realistic, more flexible program. The seminarian now has more possibilities, and responsibilities, having the ability to guide and control his own education. It was the general consensus of opinion that this type of experience would be more beneficial than the present situation. The Chapter closed officially on Tuesday, having made an extremely important decision; that is, a better program for priestly formation.

Just for the record, Xavier Hall had two representatives: Dave Kaiser and Mike Ralston. John Rietschlin represented Christopher Hall and Bob Zimmerman, George Hamlin and Bob Schreiter were the delegates from Schwieterman Hall.

Mike Ralston

did the American people
last November.

Yours for four years,
John Waymire

**SORRY, YOU CAN'T
HAVE YOUR CAKE
AND EAT IT TOO!**

Dear John,

Though I personally disagree with your political naivete evidenced by your confidence in so questionable a character of so inferior a party, I must admit that your suggestion to Mr. Riha seems both valid and appropriate.

Dear John,

Bitter, bitter, bitter! I at least wear my baby fat proudly when I consider that I'm older than you, approximately 40 pounds lighter and that my fat is around my mouth and not lodged in my cranium, as in your case.

But to the more important issue. I didn't mean to slight anything the administration had done up until the time I wrote my article. This is because it hadn't done anything to praise or condemn.

Since you imply you're a confidant of Mr. Nixon, I will provide you with a suggestion. Instead of touring Europe trying to

woo the support of self-centered heads of state, he might make a quick tour of the good old U.S.A. His itinerary might read as follows:

- 1) visit to W. Va. strip coal mine,
- 2) visit to diminishing Fla. Everglades,
- 3) tour of poverty-ridden black-belt of Ga. Ala., and Miss.,
- 4) spend a night in a Mexican migrant camp in Tex., N. Mex. or Calif.,
- 5) a down-to-earth look at the federal government-run Indian reservations,
- 6) a quick stop to look at the starving Eskimos in Alaska,
- 7) a meal with the starving tenent farmers in the Midwest,
- 8) and of course at any-time he can stop in at Watts, Harlem, Detroit, Kansas City, Chicago, Selma and even Rensselaer, Ind. if he wants to see the effect of racial prejudice in all aspects of the democratic society we enjoy.

When Mr. Nixon makes this trip and ends up with everyone, rich, poor, conservative and liberal fully assured he will combat poverty, crime, preju-

dice, I too will consider Mr. Nixon not a genius but a concerned president.

I don't doubt Mr. Nixon's desires--but I have yet to see any action by his administration except on paper.

Peace,

Patrick (Rabbi) Riha

Dear Editor:

Well, it looks like the Society of the Precious Blood is finally on the move: summer vacation for the Mongies, an improved novitiate program(?), and a revised theolegate. It's like the dawning of the twentieth century all over again. I find it very interesting to follow the changing ideas in all the Precious Blood publications. It's almost as good as listening to "Hot line" O'Donnell.

But perhaps the best, or at least most meaningful, article was the letter from Father Paul Aumen C.P.P.S. in the March 17th issue of the Gasparian. We can't change structures without seeing the changes in the men who make up the structures. All I can say is thank you, father, for your insight. We can all benefit from it.

Peace,

Patrick H. Riha

Dear Editor:

Every few decades there appears one outstanding person in each walk of life who deserves special recognition. Sometimes this is not recognized, but often it is. Such is my case.

After four years in the seminary program my uniqueness was noticed by one of my colleagues. He realized that I am the "Model Seminarian." Now I have spent this entire year justifying this title, showing that I am, indeed, deserving of it. I have been a light to my lesser brethren by forever guiding them by my good example.

It has come to my attention that in this very issue my name has been perverted. In "The Great Race" Mr. Riha refers to Ed Feicht as the "Model Seminarian." This is outrageous. Nothing can be farther from the truth. Certainly you cannot allow my name to be taken in vain like that. But if you do, I should not hesitate to file suite in the court of Jasper County since my title is copyrighted.

Obviously, it would be an open and shut case. The court would realize the travesty of the situation

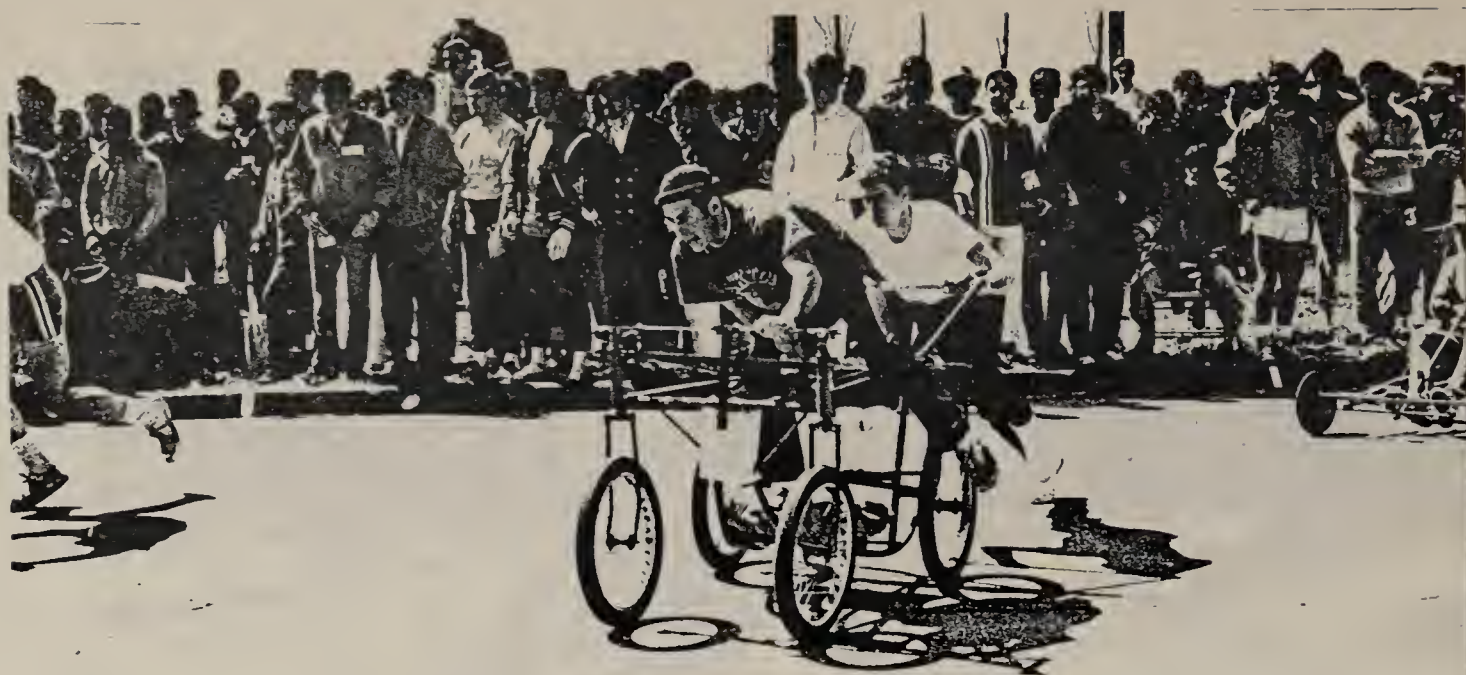


Wave #3 - but WE TRIED M.L.L.

The Little 500 weekend was traditionally held this year on April 19 and 20. The weekend commenced with a mixer on Friday night and another mixer on Saturday night. Sunday afternoon there was supposed to be a concert by the Four Tops. The Four Tops failed to make their appearance.

The Little 500 started at 1:30 on Saturday afternoon. This year the cars were run around Halleck Center instead of around the Science Building as in previous years. Eight cars participated in the race. Xavier Hall had two of these eight cars. Denis Link, Dave Kaiser, Gary Hemmelgarn, George Mescher, Nick Klinker, Mark Pritzl and Gary Gettman constructed the cars. Time trials were held on Thursday at 3:30. The first car, driven by Rich Richina and pushed by Dave Kaiser, Gary Hemmelgarn and Joe Miller came in fifth place in the time trials with an average speed of one minute and 35 seconds per lap. The second car came in seventh place with an average of one minute and 39 seconds. It was driven by Carlos Graupera and pushed by Tom Fisher, Frank Hubeny and Gary Gettman.

The race started with a Le Mans start. The first team, which consisted of Dave Kaiser, Dave Kenney, Jim



Seibert, Mike Wuebker, Roger Falter, Bernie Hahn, Rich Richina, Gary Hemmelgarn, Leon Monnin, Al Ebach, Mark Pritzl, Jim Blackwood, John Rietschlin, Al Rettig and Joe Miller had a poor start. There was a valiant comeback at the end but not quite great enough. It came in third place. It was eight laps behind the first place car which was from West Seifert Hall. Gallagher came in second place.

Our second team had a great start. It consisted of George Mescher, Carlos Graupera, Bill Stang, Vince Gulas, Tom Bohman, Joe Fisher, Tom Fisher, Tom Archer, Nick Klinker, Gary Gettman, Frank Hubeny, Dan Rogers, Bill Kunisch, Dennis Myers and Vince Lengerich. The second team's car ran into a little trouble during their third lap. They got smashed by a car from Merli- ni which severely damaged the steering mechanism of the car. With their efficient pit crew, they got the car back into the race within a half hour. Then they ran for a while ending up as quite a crowd-pleaser. They finally got disqualified when two non-team members, Mike Hoar and Tom Fossum, skillfully pushed the car around the track. Nonchalantly puffing on his pipe, Rick Corver displayed excellent driving capabilities as he suavely manipulated the crippled machine.

As each exhausted runner completed his round he was congratulated by the helpful and most motivated care of John Jadgchow and Hugh Henderson. The pit crew was managed and coordinated by the rustic hand of Fred

Brinkman. All the Little 500 runners would also like to thank all of their faithful spectators. Although neither team brought the trophy home to Xavier Hall, I still feel that this was one of the best examples of hall spirit demonstrated this school year.

Joe Miller



PROF DON BRINLEY 4-29

C.C.D. ~ on the move

We would like to say Thanks! to the four girls who are helping the seminarians to teach religion at the "Village." The four girls are helping each of the Monks until the end of May -- when Xavier Hall evacuates for the summer. Then the four "senoritas" will take the classes by themselves. They'll miss the oft-quoted Greg Lucas' theological advice and Jim Dix's other worldly attires of sandals, flashy clothes and wolfman sideburns. Vince Lengerich is leaving to take a Spanish seminar so he can try to communicate with his class. Previously he'd been using sign language.

As a Latin American, I feel pride when our own people take the initiative to watch over the Christian growth of the younger generation. This is a big thing, believe it or not -- and so is a young one's graduation from high school or college because we know things weren't always this good -- things aren't good enough now and we can never let it get as bad again.

Carlos Graupera

CHapel - Power

Ladies and gentlemen, at this very moment thousands of people are witnessing what in essence might be called a miracle. Doves of people are flocking to the campus of St. Joseph's College in Rensselaer, Ind. It seems that there is a miracle of some sort going on in the college chapel. Exact details will be available in just a few moments when we can get in contact with our Rensselaer correspondent. Cameras and equipment *our* being rushed to the area

If this is really a ture miracle just think of the impact it could have on the world. Especially on the Roman Catholic religion which is going through so much turmoil. Faith could be renewed and the collection plates will be filled again. And now I think we are ready to switch to our correspondent in Rensselaer. Come in Roger Crudd.

Thank you, Chet. Well, it seems as if there is a genuine miracle going on here in the chapel at St. Joseph's. The place is a scene of much confusion. The students aren't helping much either. They keep on throwing each other into the polluted pond in front of the chapel. Anyway, we are getting a small part of the story every few minutes. From what we can understand there are about three hundred angels having a sit-in demonstration in the chapel. They are amazingly related to hippies in their clothing and manner of speaking. They are carrying signs and some of them read: "Unfair housing," "Equal housing rights for God!" "Would you live in a house with unpainted walls and falling plaster?" "Everyone on this campus has nice rooms, lounges, and offices. What about God?"

As remarkable as it may seem, God has decided to protest his housing conditions in Collegeville. As far as we can tell this angelic demonstration is still going on and rumors are starting to fly.

A Brother Gerard has just walked by telling everyone to keep a cool head and then he went over to a hot tomali wagon for a snack. A Brother Philip or Robert (We couldn't get it straight.) rushed past and frowned

as he looked at his watch.

We have heard from a certain seminarian named Jim Dvorsak that the statue of St. Agatha has started to bleed. The sacristan (Tom Merriman) when last seen was complaining about the messy blood.

A tall, unidentified priest with grey hair walked past saying over and over, "I can't understand it!" It's good enough.

We have learned from a number of students (in between dips in the dirty pond) that the chapel is in pretty poor shape. It has two-tone pews, an ugly green curtain up front, grotesquely painted walls, falling plaster, unpainted walls on the sides, and a very shaky choir loft with an organ in it that should be junked.

We hear that the unwritten law for getting anything accomplished on this campus is having a loud demonstration. This way the administration will see the severity of the particular situation.

Hear it is! What we've been waiting for! A statement from a representative of the hippie angels. "God sends word to the Church at Collegeville that He is very displeased with the condition of the chapel. He says that everyone else seems to have a nice room and office. Even the president has a newly decorated office. Everyone has forgotten about him. He warns that if something isn't done soon He *will* move to the new chapel at Valparaiso."

This is Roger Crudd signing off: Good night.

In Our Prayers

Xavier Hall expresses deepest appreciation to Fr. Fitzgerald for his work as assistant director of the hall and insures him of our continual prayers for him.



RENOVATION

I am certain that all those people who have visited the barber shop or tailor shop via the sacristy stairs have noticed two pieces of a staining job which probably cannot be duplicated without much difficulty. This job, which was the undertaking of Br. Jim Santomieri, was a very lengthy one. First, of course, you have to decide the color you want. To make it harder you have from about twenty colors to choose. Now after you have decided, sand down the wall to be stained. Then take a special semi-gloss paint which gives the basic color of the wall and apply it generously. After it dries, sand it again. Now comes the fun part about this technique. Take the special mixture called the wiping glaze and apply it generously. If you want a

little tone of wood, don't let this mixture stand long. However, if you want a dark tone, let it stand for as long as you want. To create the grain effect take the cloth and wipe downwards. This will give it a straight grain effect. Once you have developed this technique, you can then start to develop your own techniques. When the staining mixture is dried, take the liquid plastic and apply it to the wall so that your stained wall is not damaged by dust and the like.

Brother told me that it cost only about forty dollars to do the study hall he is presently working on.

The finest point about this process is that it can be done either on regular wood walls or plaster walls as long as they are smooth.

After seeing the finished product, one can only hope that the other study halls which are to receive this staining will turn out as well.

As you might have noticed, the title of this article is "Br. Jim's Antiquing". However, this process resembles more of a staining process and not one of aging.

Greg Lukas

Classical Gas

With the coming of May, there are many factors which combine to form the sweet and fragrant stench of Classical Gas. Many of these factors are the results of the prevailing Jasper county weather conditions. These conditions are recorded daily by our able-bodied crack meteorologists. So far, the worst event has been the annual 23-inch rainfall in one hour. Lucas said that we got only 2 inches of rain. The "X" had 23 inches, so that is our official count. That storm caught "Buzzard" Klinker by surprise. He was diligently doing Zondlo's Calculus problems when the rains came. The water was up to his waist before he finally noticed it. It was lucky for the "Buzzard" that the lifeguard, Blackie, was on duty. He came with a rowboat at the right time. We all know that buzzards can't fly or swim.

it ain't no
flamingo



Kaiser =

The smell of suntan lotion is already thick in the air. The sun worshippers of the hall have begun to flock to the pits. They are currently trying to revamp their sun worship service. They were going to try and form a liturgy committee but they decided it was better for a couple guys to adlib rather than follow any previous examples. Many of the guys have pretty decent tans, considering. We have chosen to name only a few of the more noteworthy worshippers in this column. A Quality Award goes to Tom "Don't Touch My Bod" Fisher. A Quantity Award goes to Mike Parnelli Hoar. He is receiving this award because of his LARGENESS, not because he is daring like Bill Stechshulte. The Skin niest Tan Award goes to Phil Smith for obvious reason. The Polish members of the sun-sect will never ever get anywhere until they stop sunbathing under the bulldozer parked on the beach.

The Little 500 wasn't all glory for us this year. The main reason for the poor (really a good show) show by the first car was the lack of an experienced driver. Rich Richina gave the crowd a real scare at the start of the race. He hopped into the car and

drove straight for them. I noticed a few good looking coeds in that section of the crowd. As the car hit the open road, it seemed to swerve from one coed to the next. We didn't come in first but our car had good taste. The second car made a gallant effort to come back after being knocked early in the race. The pit crew had to take the car to the SJC garage for a quick reweld. Shortly after it was reentered into the race; the judges disqualified the car for illegal runners. You mean to tell me that Fossum and Hoar weren't on the team?

Crime is on the up and up around Xavier. Aside from the Prohibition Era-like conditions present, there are a few gangsters on the prowl. This terrible clique earns their tuition by selling stolen hubcaps and by bootlegging metal on the campus. The members of the gang are: "Red" Myers, "Fickle Fingers" Fisher, "Bumpkin" Burke, and "Shoelace" Kenney. They call themselves the Clang Fang Gang.

Now that we are sure of the fate of our summer, we would like to give out a few job possibilities for qualified individuals.

Kaiser--teach leadership, reliability, and promptness at the DPK School for Princes.

Hartway--Dance instructor specializing in ballet(belly)and Bacchanal.

O'Donnell--Booky at Raceway Park,
--Mediator at PARIS PEACE TALKS

Dumminger--open a KOOLAID stand at 805 Grove Street.

Hemmelgarn--Used Razor Blade Sharpener at the Darke Co. Dumpe.

Riha--Director, Operation Mannabasket Ozark vicinity. AMEN!

Grabow--Forget THA, stay here and work in Alumni Office & for 1910 FGC.

Dudley--sell magazines on street corner,

Jerwers & Falter-- Lima Deanery Counselor

Hoar and Lukas--Indy 500 drivers.

And even though the BP's don't get off, here is a suggestion... Henderson, Merriman, Montana, and Blackney--work as tailors at the Toomey Cassock Co.

LITTLE 500 COURSE

"Richina Style"

START

Crowd

Co-ed

Co-ed

Would You Believe?

EPF'S COSMETICS INC.

Orchids...oops...lilies to Joe Miller. Joe has recently received his last lesson in lower level sex education. His good buddie Mike (Ray Jr. to his close friends) Quebber took him to see The Graduate. Now Joe is ready to get into upper level instruction under the guidance of Tom Archer. Does anyone want to volunteer to give Dumm-Dumm a crash course?

Many of the sixth years are studying philosophy under Fr. Klopke this semester. They are amazed at the devotion that Father has for his profession. I think that I have found part of the answer. On one of my recent side trips to Chicago, I ate at Plato's Restaurant. The Maitre d' showed me a table and then I sat and admired the decor of this unique eating place. I was thrilled at the sight of an entire wall covered with portraits, busts, and statues of my favorite philosophers. One sculpture took me by surprise. It was Plato and Fr. Klopke shaking hands. No doubt he was telling him what a great thinker he is (Plato to Father, of course). The other reason for Father's dedication is that it is pleasing to the gods. 2 POINTS
ED NOME. ED IS TAKING FR KLOPKE NEXT SEMESTER!!

Some Quotes that I heard:

"And now, I introduce you to the most honorable of them all, Dr. Ruben Nett, Ph.D. "

"Who was that man? I wanted to thank him!"

"We want what is best for our spiritual selves--Cassocks!" The BP's

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Look at Hartway!" Model seminarian at an over-21 party. (ARTED: THIS IS THE DEPTH)

"If you don't like it-QUIT!" IF YOU DON'T QUIT-LIKE IT

Last Thursday night we had a surprise visit from Whappy Werner. He was just passing through so he decided to drop in and see his old classmantes. Why not? It was only 1 am! He parked his 1938, three-cylinder, sawed-off fire truck behind the hall. He slipped getting out of the cab and accidentally turned on the siren. In keeping with his image, Jeff hit the ladder switch when he turned off the siren. The ladder crashed through the lower dorm windows near Fat Al's bed. It also demolished the pictures of Mark Lorenzo and Dan Duba that he had hung around his bed. Jeff ran up to the dorm to console Al on this tragic loss of such sentimental ornaments. Jeff gave Al a gallon of Ohio Dandelion Wine. This made Al happy and tired

B.P.

Report

I hope that no one will feel cheated with a radical change of format in the BP Report from the glorious success of past issues into a little more serious vein. Just in the way of reassurance, I do not make this departure due to a lack of material. Indeed, since Jerry lost his virginity (he said it so don't ask me) and George has grown even more bitter (you didn't think it was possible?), life in the postulancy has been even more exciting. There have been lurking rumors that this increased vivacity on our part has stemmed from the somewhat infrequent presence of our traveling director. I am sure, however, that such malicious slander could hardly be well-founded in reference to such an outstanding group of young men as ourselves.

The reasons that I am writing this article are numerous. Perhaps I can best begin by saying that I feel that most of you who are now reading this sentence misunderstand the vocation of the Brotherhood. Certainly this is

not the first time you have heard this. And as long as the situation persists you will continue to hear it. With both words and actions the Brothers of the present and of the future will continue to tell you. Some have made the accusation that you really don't care to hear, that you really aren't concerned for the Brothers' meaningful existence. I can't believe that. For the sake of the future of the C.P.P.S. community I hope that my good faith is not ill-founded. I ask you to read this with a critical, but open and understanding mind. Most of what you will read is taken from an article written by the Brother Postulants for the Spring, 1969 issue of the Brother's Newsletter.

For the most part the brother of thirty, twenty, or even ten years ago did not make much of a splash beyond the immediate confines of the house or monastery in which he lived. Brother Cook quietly performed his duties in the kitchen and asked Father Procurator's permission to

order supplies for Sunday dinner. A Brother slipped from room to room quietly dusting furniture and sweeping floors. Brothers went meekly about their tasks in order to earn the grace that one of their clerical fellows might preach an inspiring Sunday sermon or baptize a new convert. Such is the concept of the Brother's life offered by all too many of our parish priests and vocation recruiters today. Examine your own ideas. Doesn't the above description pretty well fill the bill?

For those of you who know us postulants here at St. Joe personally can you seriously believe that we intend to become such religious domestics? No matter what our ideas before we began our religious life, either as a priest or a brother, leaves no room to surrender ourselves to any type of self-demeaning role. Not if we are to live that life fully. We have discovered that religious life often demands every ounce of physical, mental, or spiritual talent that one might possess if he wishes to live that life fully and successfully. This is true for religious

brothers, not just religious priests. We demand and expect that our religious life as future brothers presents us a worthy challenge. Nothing second-class will satisfy us. We will be first-class religious, just as some of you hope to be, or we will not be religious at all. We are attempting now, whether by a job pumping gas, lecturing a music class, playing a tough game of softball, or spending a few quiet moments in prayerful thought, to prepare ourselves to meet that future challenge. Not one of us, we hope, has "retired" from the world into religious life, but rather we hope to better meet the challenges of the world through the strength offered by our dedication as religious. We do not want, and will not accept a "sheltered," "hidden" life of earning grace while someone else does the work. We demand to carry our full share of the load and responsibilities. Christ himself commands us to make full use of our talents and abilities. Dare we refuse him?

Perhaps several of the above statements beg clarification. First of all, we are not so unrealistic

as to expect that no more brothers will perform such jobs as cleaning house or waiting at tables. Certainly someone must perform these tasks. What we ask is that the future brother performing such a job might perform it with the dignity and responsibility that any expert might justly request for himself.

The word expert expresses a key concept in our expectations for our future lives as religious. Professional people surround us on all sides as we look about ourselves today. The "do all-know nothing" type of existence grows ever more scarce as culture and technology burgeon into complexity. To meet the future's growing problems and concerns the brother will need every bit of expertise he can muster. We believe that the religious brother of the future, if he wishes to succeed in the challenge of his own particular apostolate, will of necessity lead a professional life. For us, the do anything-thing little-say nothing type of religious life should and must become a past curiosity.

The fact that we insist

on a dismissal of the "hidden" religious life in no way means that we wish to take over the priestly duties of preaching the word of God and evangelizing his people. These tasks are better suited to the priestly ministry. We merely ask the opportunity to lead a life as a professional and as a layman (since we as brothers will be truly laymen and religious) that will truly provide a light to the world not muffled by monastery walls and a clerical hierarchy. Truly this means shouldering a tremendous responsibility. We beg for the opportunity to lead and guide a world of fellow professionals, Christians and non-Christians, merely by the example of our own words and deeds. We seek to place our lives on a pedestal to provide a guiding light towards Christ.

"No mean task," you say. Yet this is what we ask for the future. This is the challenge we seek. Certainly we have not come seeking a refuge from the world's turmoil. We search rather for the means to help others and ourselves to transcend it.

But how do we dare, and so boldly, demand such a

terrible burden? None of us can claim any extraordinary talents or abilities making us fit to meet this task. We are of average intelligence. Not one of us strikes awe with his physical prowess. We all suffer the normal emotional stresses and outbursts. We certainly cannot claim saintliness. Our temerity thus seems astounding.

Now we arrive at the heart of our reasons for desiring the life of a religious brother. Though the reason is highly personal in each individual case, it seems that several common factors also motivate us.

To desire the life described above does indeed present the height of foolishness if one relies only on his own resources to carry it out. Herein lies our total dedication as a religious brother to God through a community and through all men. We will draw some of the necessary support we need from each other, our fellow religious priests and brothers. If this support fails then our lives will also fail in meeting the tremendous challenge of leadership in tomorrow's world. But this support should never fail, for the

religious life, especially the religious brotherhood, of the future presents us with a unique and wonderful opportunity in an ultra-modern world.

The opportunity for complete self-giving and dedication grows increasingly less tempting in our competitive technological culture. The professional man, if he is to become and remain successful, must be willing to step on a few fingers and fight continuously with other equally aggressive professionals. The religious brother, himself a professional, needs none of this. His professional life may be lived completely for the benefit of others since the physical luxuries for which most others must strive have little importance for him. Each brother thus working to complement his fellows in their strivings to help others might begin to meet our impossible challenge.

Idealistic?

Perhaps. We only hope that our youthful optimism might carry through our years of training and into our religious lives.

But even a complete selfless giving of ourselves is not enough, and indeed such a giving seems

impossible in the first place without a complete dedication to, and a dependence upon, a merciful loving God and his redeeming Son. Even now, in our period of training, we are growing more and more aware of his importance in the life to which we aspire. Though none of us have found any magical formulas or received any fantastic inspirations, a warm, comfortable feeling grows inside us as we become more aware of his loving presence. We have begun to realize that no matter what the difficulty or what the challenge there is always someone to help.

No one says this. Perhaps we don't even feel it very consciously. Indeed it seems rather remote as the everyday problems of life all too often reduce us to those petty little quarrels so much a part of everyday life. But no matter how small, that spark has been kindled and we hope and pray that with the help of God we might fan that spark into the raging inferno of our re-

ligious lives that have indeed become a brilliant beacon in a clouded world.

Perhaps we might best tell you of our hopes and dreams for the future in this simple expression of hope and faith, the words of one of our own fellows.

"A brother could be president of a university or a cook in the kitchen. That's why I'm training to be a brother. The idea of dedicating your entire life to God, the things you do best, the sacrifices you make, your work and your play. Everything!

The fact that you don't do very much for yourself, but concentrate on helping other people. You do things for people and you work for them and with them. A selfish person could never survive here because it just won't work out. You have to give all of yourself, or you can't give anything at all.

You work hard and your day is long, but you ask for the grace to continue. You know you won't be refused that extra push. After all it's not really for you."

John Rietschlin

Class Prophecies '69

George Blackney will become bittersweet in his old age
Glen Brändel, after years of planning, will stage a
coup and oust Fr. Hanish so he can be Xavier
director.

Jim Dümmlinger will learn how to dial a phone properly
so he will avoid wrong numbers.

Ed Feicht will succeed Mayor Daley.

Carlos Graüpera, in order to utilize his talents as Mr.
Organization to the fullest capacity, will replace
Fr. Brown as B-dale's Activities Coordinator.

Alan Hartway will lose weight so it won't take twenty-
five guys to carry him to bed whenever he passes
out.

Hugh Henderson will be the first Brother-Archbishop.

Dave Kaiser MIGHT become responsible.

Mike Kanaby will go to Holland and sprout.

Virge Keller will REMAIN the last survivor of his
species.

Dave Kenney finally won't like it so much that he will
quit for good.

Bill Lessard will succeed Bowie Kuhn and foul up all
of baseball's one hundred years of progress.

Mark Lorenzo will take a leave of absence from his
leave of absence.

Charlie McCafferty is too old to have a future.

Tom Merriman will sing first soprano for the New York
Opera Company.

Dave Monastyrski will join "Hell's Angels."

Steve Nett has already accomplished everything.

Bill O'Donnell, due to his popularity with authorities
and administrators, will be permanently assigned to
Grassy Butte, North Dakota.

Rich Richina will be excommunicated for selling the
Kiss of Peace.

John Rietschlin will be installed in the Computer
Center.

Pat Riha will become bishop of Jerusalem.

Jim Wagener will open a "Jesus Saves" mission.

Gene Zondlo will cut ordination.

And I, Rich Longworth, will probably be ostracized
from our class for writing these.



6TH

Steve Nett, Virgil Keller



Glen Brandel, Pat Riha, Dave Kenney, Rich Longsworth

YEARS



Bill O'Donnell, Al Hartway, Dave Monastyrski



Bill Lessard, Dave Kaiser, Jim Dumminger, Carlos Graupera



Gene Zondlo, Rich Richina, Jim Wagener, Ed Feicht



Tom Merriman, Hugh Henderson, Jerry Montana
George, Blackney, John Rietschlin

the Great Race

(Any resemblance of the names and characters in this story to those living or dead or otherwise is purely coincidental.)

With the Little 500 over, everyone turns their sights to the upcoming race of raw power and speed. The race is, of course, Xavier's answer to Bill Veeck's Lady Godiva Sweepstakes, the Rev. A.A. Jew-decker Jaunt (names after the spiritual advisor to the famous Sadie Hawkins). Since this is the first year of its running, the brief historical facts will be made known for the first time publicly in this article.

In Jan. '69, (the exact record of the date, time and place was lost when my notebook was crammed down a water drain during the last "X" flood) Ed "The Model Seminarian" Feicht challenged "Fat Al" Hartway to a race; the distance, time and place to be determined later. The reason for Feicht's challenge is locked deep within his bosom and Fat Al claims ignorance to the reason. Perhaps Ed was jealous of Al's speed at the dinner table. Or maybe he wanted to show off for a Chicago Bears scout. The contestants' trainers (Ed's is Dave "Killer" Kenney and Al's is J.C. Brandel) decided the race would be held May 4 at 3 p.m. at the S.J.C. Coliseum when Ed and Al couldn't decide on their own. Ed wanted a quick dash to Palos Heights and Al thought a quick trot to Vicki's Service Station would be worth the effort.

The contestants spent weeks in constant preparation. Each had a private training camp open only to this unbiased reporter. Feicht's was deep among the few remaining pine trees at Mongie Park. Ed spent every free moment getting into shape. He ran around the pits for hours dragging the Pontiac by a chain he held in his mouth. Occasionally he lapped his running coaches Joe Miller, Gary Hemmelgarn and Mike Hoar who set the pace. He topped this off by swimming 17 laps of the pits behind Jim Dumminger who is teaching body building exercises on the sly in the library section

on phone dialing. "Killer" Kenney ran tight camp. The camp was surrounded by Coerver's Can Corps. They were under orders to demolish any unwelcomed spies by throwing empty malt liquor cans at them.

J.C. ran his camp with an iron spoon, which he kept in continual use. The camp was located in the Schwieterman refectory. Al was force-fed 83 hamburgers, 17 raw eggs, 38 pounds of french fries, two bottles of ketchup, 100 gallons of milk, 14 feet of uncooked spaghetti. This was topped off by a 3¢ Havana cigar at each meal. Al was also encouraged to snack between meals if he was hungry. The camp security was closely watched by Lucas and Frank on close-circuit TV.



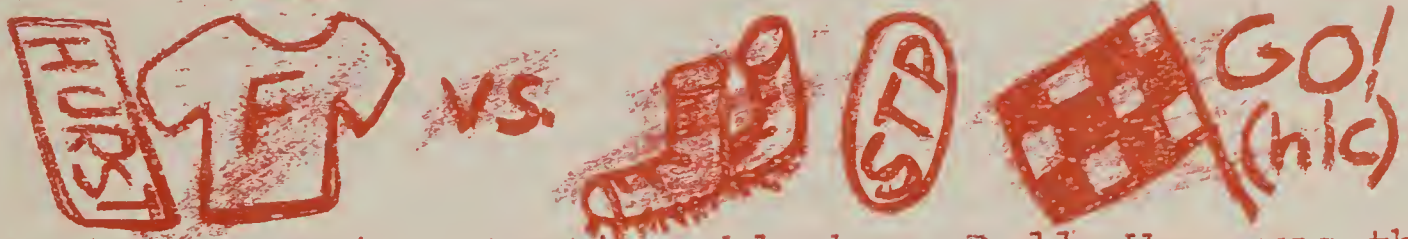
The day of the race came. The weather was typical Jasper County--light rain in the morning, eight inches of snow by noon, a small tornado about 1 p.m., a sudden heat wave at 2:15 p.m. and at 15 minutes before the race there was a cool breeze blowing with the temperature about 84. The conditions were ideal. Nick Klinker and Beastie Zondlo were sent out to mark off the track, but Zondlo cut when he found out math was involved. Nick had to manage for himself. Five minutes before the race he had finished laying out Ed's 100 yards and Al's with a 20-yard head start Ed gave him.

Post time was approaching. Thousands of people sat in the bleachers erected along the track. Vendors with ice cream, peanuts, and "Fat Power," "Feicht Power," and "Jewish Power" buttons made their last past through the multitudes. The crews from ABC's Wide World of Sports were making the final adjustments on their cameras. Everything had to be perfect for the transmission to Europe via Telstar.

The contestants approached the track. Hundreds of autograph-seekers rushed them. They were held back by the entire Rensselaer police force (3 cops, 1 dog and a chicken). Unfortunately there was a slight incident. Steve Nett, editor of this Pulitzer Prize-winning publication and columnist for Psychology Today, was

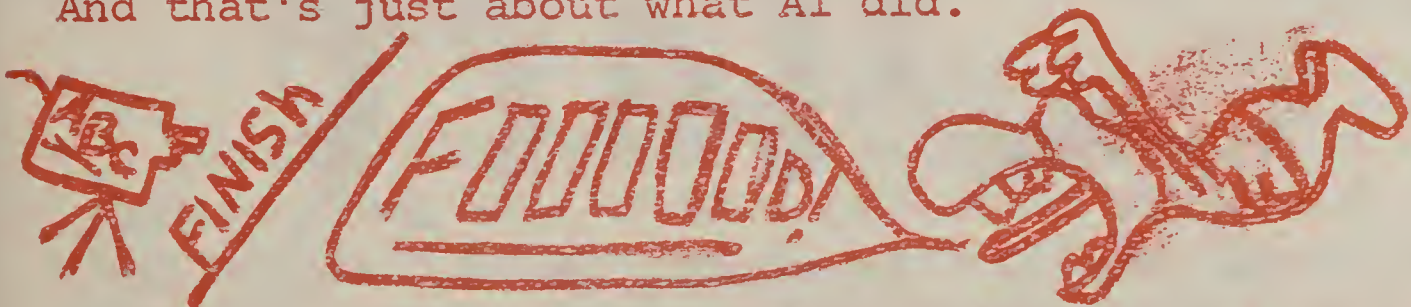
slightly maced three or four times when he was mistaken for a leftist radical. He escaped with only a slight blow to his ego.

Ed and Al slowly removed their sweat clothes revealing specially designed uniforms. Al wore bright blue shorts with matching shoes. He had a red jersey with a yellow F (assumed to stand for FAT) emblazoned on the front. Ed was wearing shorts and a jersey made of aluminum foil for the weight advantage. He wore football shoes for the best traction. They lined up at



their respective starting blocks. Daddy Wags was the official starter. He started the well-known cadence, with slight changes due to his condition. "Runners on your bar stools, I mean marks! Get stoned! Go (hic)!!"

Ed burst from his block. His feet churned with the graceful movement of his strides. He was truly a well-groomed racing animal. Fat Al left his block in a somewhat less graceful style that "Man O'War." It was more like a pregnant hippo walking a 90-foot balsa wood board three inches wide over the Grand Canyon. The sweat flowed in torrents off his body, but at least he was moving. Ed was catching up. Only 25 yards to go. Al was only ahead by a navel. With 15 yards to go Ed passed Al. "Killer" Kenney was running alongside his man shouting encouragement. Brandel yelled foul. Kenney retorted, "If you don't like it, quit!" And that's just about what Al did.



Seven yards from the finish line he collapsed on the track exhausted. Feicht stopped suddenly at the sound of the crash. Ed was only 2 feet from the finish line. He stood there a moment too long. Suddenly Al's body shook violently. He let out a loud scream, FOOOOOOOOOD!!! His body literally leaped from the

ground and crashed 18 inches from the finish. Everyone felt the end had come. Al gave up his spirit; but, no! As Ed turned to step over the line victoriously, Al's tongue shot across the finish line and scooped up three licorice jelly beans hidden in the track cinders. Ed stood frozen in amazement as he reviewed what had just happened before his eyes.



HE!
HE!
HE!

← FATAL

The checkered flag fell and Al was declared the winner by a tongue. Kenney called foul, but it was too late. The evidence was being digested at that very moment. Al was too tired to enjoy all the excitement. He did manage to raise an eye lid in recognition of the thousands of cheers that filled the air. A forklift gently lifted Al onto the flat bed of a truck which was to take him to a victory celebration in the east wing of the New Dorm.

Well, the race is now history. No one knows how the deciding jelly beans got on the track. But everyone will remember the "hee, hee, hee" laugh of J.C., as he collected his bets and kept popping small pieces of candy into his mouth.

Pat Riha

Staff

Editor, Steve Nett; Assistant Editor, Steve Ploetz
Business Manager, Gene Zondlo; Production Managers,
Richard Longsworth and Frank Hubeny; Artists, Al-
an Hartway, Jim Blackwood, and Bill Stang; Photographers,
Glen Grandel, Ed Lampa, Ed Reed, and Jim Brown; Litho-
graphers, Dave Monastyrski and George Mescher; Modera-
tor, Fr. Joseph Hanish, C.P.P.S.

Once upon a time.....



Once upon a time, in the lands far to the north of the eastern hemisphere and encompassing the southern section of the west there lived a liver. Just a plain old liver. Keep this in mind. The liver went boom but it was an atomic bomb boom which lasted a bunch of years and didn't really liver around like the liver who first livered until the first liver gave out with some more livers. Remember that. Well, then the livers made stuff and everything. Well you know, gosh yea. We.., one of the biggest stuff the livers made, something which they were most proud of, was

the proverbial college chapel. Now the latest "hot flash" (i.e., constipated news report) among my fellow livers is about that dandy college chapel.

Supposedly some hippie angels are holding the proverbial demonstration in the college chapel. And right now I'm getting a bit of a hot flash myself writing this. About the best I can do is rewrite the words of a Peter, Paul, and Mary song: "If I had my way in this wicked world, if I had my way, I would tear this building down." I have a deep conviction that Jesus Christ feels the same way.

Dave Kenney

Glee Club Takes Trip

The Glee Club is one of those indescribable clubs that you just have to be a part of to understand. Take the last tour as an example. We went to Brunnerdale, Columbus, Piqua, Dayton, Minster, Wapakoneta, and Tiffin. At each concert we sang, we put forth a great and tiring effort and put on a grand show as only people of vaudeville would dare undertake. Throughout the trip we were exhausted yet somehow we conserved all of our energy for the concerts. The jokes and

trite sayings on the bus always were merrily present. Actually our trip could be best summed up in my experiences in Bud's Bar in Minster. We all had our beer and fun.

ed, Note:
I'm
JEALOUS

SULLY

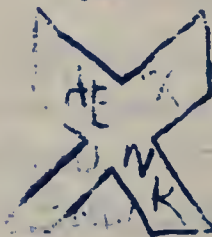
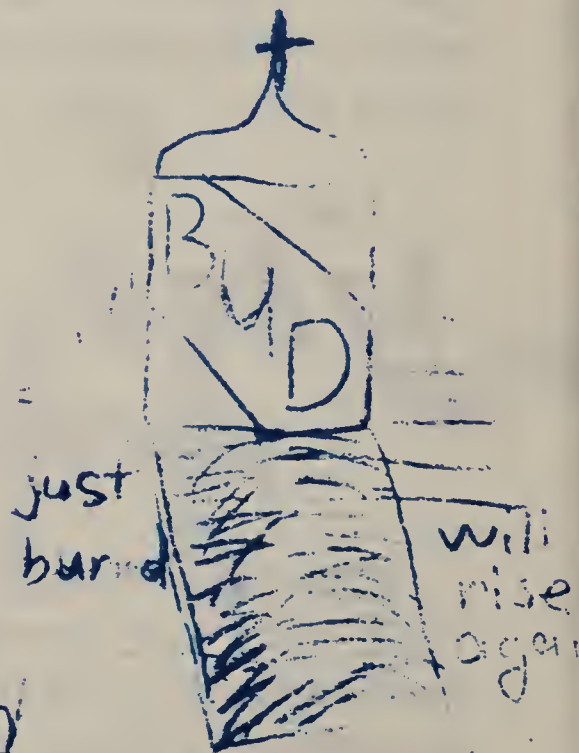
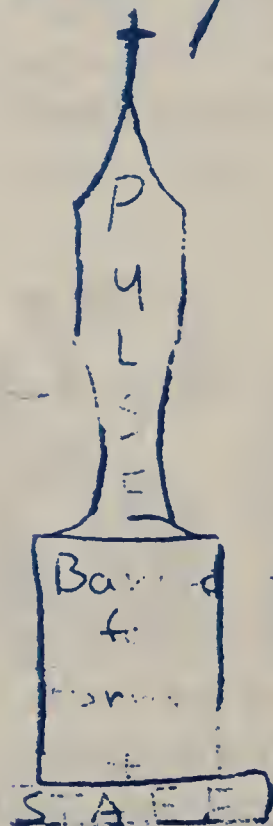
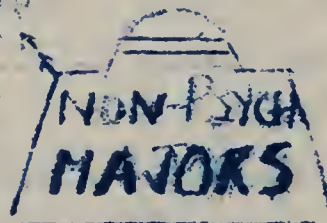
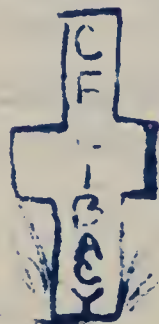
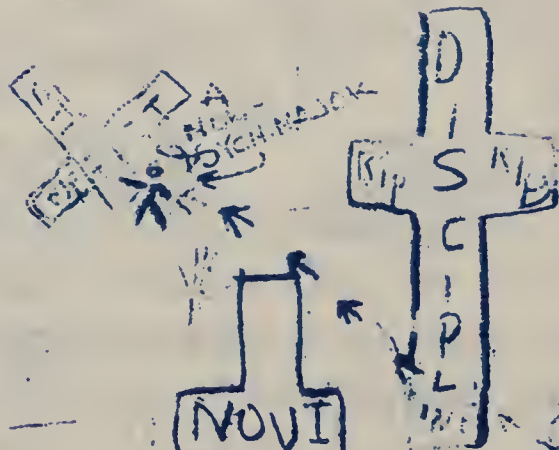
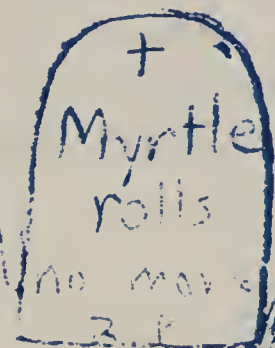
Teddy

Beer

We sang out our hearts until we were thoroughly tired out, but enjoying each other's company. It was a charismatic experience, to be sure. To be truthful, Mr. Pathos, you never had it so good as you did on this tour. Let me finish saying that the Glee Club is comprised of some of the greatest guys and gals I ever dreamed of meeting! If next year our fate is half as good as it was with our tear-stained seniors this year, then it will be one of those days in "Those Were the Days My Friends!"

Virge Keller

Xavier Cemetery:



CONT. FROM P. 17

Jeff tucked Al in and then he cranked up his truck and headed for Columbus..... or was it the New Dorm?

Kanaby has been trying quite earnestly, to corrupt the youth of Christopher Hall. He has tried everything from the old Russian and Roman hand games to naughty parables. All useless! The youths are uncorruptible!!! Maybe Charlie McCafferty ought to help them clean Kanabz up. At least inform him of the finer things in life. After all, Charlie is twenty years older than Kanabs and nine years older than "Know-ItAll" Hicks!!

The morning of the biggest concert in Joe College History, Beeel O'Donnell came running in telling us that he had just given directions to one of the Four Tops. It must have been a mirage or a late straggler from the underground railroad because it wasn't one of the Tops. They helped build our reputation even more than the Turtles. I hope they show up May 11. This is really good of them, to give a make-up concert. Too bad that Al can't give a make-up on the class meeting that he called and then slept through.

There has been a mysterious figure lurking around the hall during the night time for the last few weeks. Some of the fifth years were driven to the edge of lunacy when they saw the fugure trapsing past the study-hall windows at 3:00 AM. They were sure that Fr. Han-nish had sent for and received Brother Norbert to patrol and keep order. The strange figure is now known the Phantom. Don't panick or start cursing sneaky brothers. It is only Mike Ridenour. His sleeping habits have made it necessary for him to walk around during the night. He and Gary Luiz were the first to sleep down at the park and survive. In our extensive program of park renewal, we uncovered the remains of many a poor Mongie who had been killed by the beasts that roam the park or by injuries sustained when they were struck by cars. Cars in the woods? Ridiculous!!

Lessard gets the WHAP of the season. Instead of 3 12 " softball teams, we ended up with three 16 -inch teams. It took some work on the part in the IM office but we managed to salvage one 12-inch team. A fine move by our peg-legged commissioner.

A few weeks ago Yippie leader, Abbie Hoffman spoke in the fieldhouse. His visit made a huge impression on the Rensseltuckians. On the afternoon before his talk, it was impossible to buy eggs or tomatoes in any store in town. The police force was beefed up just for this occasion. They added a few men to the local force and they called in about three carloads of state cops. A WOOO!! The presence of all these policemen was the only thing that made Hoffman's visit a BIG DEAL!!!

Fr. Rodak has turned a new leaf in the Latin Department. I have heard some of the Latin scholars complain that Father has turned the course into a correspondence course. It seems as though the complainers are a bit dismayed. They liked the old classroom method and they wish that they could have a few more classes than they are getting now.

than they are getting now.
Quo tandem usque abutere Joe!!!!

It's time for me to stop BS-ing and turn in my overdue article. Nett is approaching with his sword (?) drawn. I want to wish all the luck in the world to whomever gets this column or any assignment similar next year. Believe me, if Ploetz is a barbarious about this paper as Nett is now, the public will still receive the censored view of the editor. I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the clods who have helped with this column by just doing your own dumb thing. Unfortunately, this year we had no one as qualified as Pete King to use as examples.

Ed Feicht

[illegible]

FAT HALL OF FAME

BRAD

Dummm
Dummm

SEBO

FAME

FABES

Big Ed

५५.

Zoray

Tat Albert

make "Wilson" AA

102

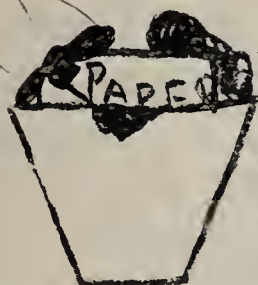
Bullies

LU12

LHG

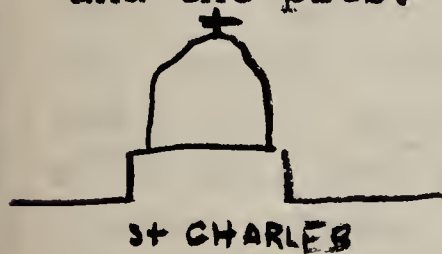
GRABOSKI

Any Way You Slice



There are quite a few ways to slice life at Xavier in the spring, and they're all interesting. A generous helping of the day is usually spent under the sun at the beach by the gravel pits. This cult is mentioned in the memory of this column's former writer, Mike Craig, who probably hasn't lost the tan he got last year at this time; only then it was a little too red to be called a tan. It's a wonder guys find the time to get out there, since this is the time of the term paper, which is immediately followed by the time of the test, namely finals. I see long nights ahead, but we've been in training for those for a long time!

Renovation continues in Xavier, mostly with Jim Santomieri's skills behind it. Last issue we lauded his morazzo floors, this issue his "antiquing" deserves the praise. He's making quite a few of the plaster walls in the hall into paneled ones, without wood! His efforts, along with Virge Keller's Chapel renovation, also provide guys with work. Now at the end of the year a lot of us have found we're a little short of work hours. Another popular place to get those hours in is the park (by the basketball hoop) and the pits. (?)



R. I. P.

The biggest single news item is the business chapter results. Mike Ralston and the retired spirit of Dave Kaiser attended the meetings as our observers. We caught word of the developments as soon as they happened because we had been wondering about all of the issues at hand for at least a half a year. Novitiate has been postponed until the General Chapter in Rome this September draws up a new constitution for the Society. So this year's 6th years will stay at St. Joe's next year though we don't know exactly where on campus. Some of

The class⁰ members have suggested Scharf House, and for them it would simply be a matter of moving the rest of their things out there. If some of us have to sleep out in the horse barn I wouldn't mind--after all I spent all this year in the back locker row, and the barn would seem kind of nice. The next news we got was about the theologate. Here the Community has taken a really modern step. I think we're anticipating the times, and I hope our delegates were right, because the prospects are exciting. Theologians will now study preferably in groups, at places of their choice, including theology centers and major universities, along with other seminaries. We will be expected to work to help pay for the education. In preparation for a program involving such freedom, we need both the experience of handling freedom and responsibility, and the principles which come from discipline--a tough order.

Schlitz
Blatz
Miller
Bud
Pabst
St
Right after the chapter the Provincial held a board meeting which resulted in a summer vacation of three months for Xavierites. Most of the guys are planning to get jobs, right in the spirit of the new theologate. Jobs seem to be a little scarce in Ohio, so several guys are planning to live and work in the Chicago-Milwaukee area. They're all good consumers when it comes to Milwaukee's famous commodity, so they'll be helping the economy there by more ways than working.

Culture at Joe's reached an all time high this month. The Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra performed some Dvorak and Debussy, and some obscure opera company put on "Otello" IN ITALIAN. At least they weren't any less obscure after they hit St. Joe's. It seems like it's always the same people who attend these events, namely the Humanities 25 class. Someday they'll be thankful that Doc Egan made them go...someday...maybe. Actually the orchestra was excellent. The Columbian Players produced Waiting for Godot by Samuel Becket. Doctor Cappucilli directed it and most agree that he and the actors did a good job with a tough assignment. As...a controversial play it grabbed large audiences. The

Inspector General is being staged Parents' Weekend, the 2nd, 3rd and 4th of May. It is a comedy, so it was natural for many of Xavier's own to try out and be selected for the cast. Harry Coerver, John Wanner, Rich Richina, Roger Falter and I are in it--for laughs WHAP of the MONTH! After two years at Xavier, Ed Feicht knows Chicago AND VICINITY better than Bowling Green, O. He was saying something to this effect as he dropped in at Little Company of Mary hospital to see Frs. Smolar and Albers. (The carful was in Chitown for some reason or other--it doesn't matter.) They inquired at the desk (forgive the trite cliché) for the Fathers and no such names could be found. It was with no little surprise that Ed discovered they were in one Christ Community Hospital. How can we trust his map of Palos Heights now?

This year's National Seminary Conference was graced with the presence of Mongies, though the other delegates might object to that terminology. Harry Coerver, Steve Ploetz, Virge Keller, and I went for Xavier and Ron Will and Andy O'Reilly represented Schwieterman. The talks were about ecumenism, relevantly enough, but we got to talk to seminarians from different parts of the country. We laid groundwork for a National Seminarians Association, formed mainly for the purpose of communication. We seminarians at St. Joe have a good setup here in relation to others. We have a big advantage in being on a regular college campus. Our living facilities, though, are not really up to what seems to be the norm. I think most of us would rather have more liberal policies than rooms, though.

Well, this year at Xavier is coming to a close, and any way you slice it, I think it was an eventful year, and a good one. When the 5th year's get ready to cut into next year, some one of them, if they think it important enough, will be encouraged to take up this column to faithfully report and comment on what happens to Mongies. It would help if he had a good memory and affection for his typewriter, little affection for the guys in the hall, and few scruples. Good Luck! I

WAKE UP GROW UP

Fellow Xavierites, I do believe it is time that we GROW UP! Whether you realize it or not, the freedom we are now enjoying in this hall regarding conduct and everyday events is but a fraction of what is really being offered us. What freedom is this? The freedom that comes with the MATURE UNDERSTANDING and respect of others as individuals WITHIN a community situation. Sounds rather idealistic doesn't it? Besides, you've been preached to about this before and with about as much effect. So you must think I am pretty naive to even try to further enlighten you on this matter. And no doubt there will be those among you, after finishing this article, if not before, who will laugh and scoff their fool heads off, hold gigantic "mock-out" ceremonies, and even burn their Pulses or this article in effigy, all the while insisting that their concepts of an individual's freedom are the only ones that matter to them. Well, "To each his ownibus."

But honestly, let's WAKE UP! Can't you see what Papa Joe is trying to do for us? Can't you realize that what you interpret as laziness or lack of concern or interest in the hall on Papa Joe's part is actually a unique way of helping us grow up TOGETHER with RESPECT for each other as free-thinking individuals. Come on, kiddies!! It's time we realize that we are on the threshold of adulthood and that Papa Joe is trying to treat us as such. That is why he is not constantly on our backs applying rule after rule whenever we get out of hand or hunting us down like criminals because we failed in our attempts to act like mature young men. For those who don't believe this, all I can say is that laws were made for the UNJUST and only those who are trying to hide something need look over their shoulders. THINK!

Oh, we've been shouting for this freedom ever since our freshman year at B-dale. But now that we have it, it seems as though we don't know what to do with it

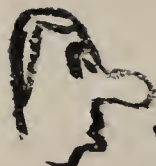
except to toss it right back and clamor for Papa Joe to "break out" with more definite rules of conduct. Wise up! Make up your minds--INDIVIDUAL freedom or ONE-MAN authoritarian-type rule? Slow down! Take a good, hard look at yourself. Are YOU as an INDIVIDUAL making an honest effort to understand your fellow INDIVIDUALS? (That includes Papa Joe, too.) If not, why not? Go see Papa Joe if you're not satisfied with your answer. He's not going to come to you unless you've really BLOWN it. Are YOU man enough to go to him on your own and talk? I'm not saying that this understanding but is going to be easy to pull off. Doing what's right because YOU want to do it never is. Sure, you're going to get hurt the wider you open yourself up. Take it from one who knows. But just think of it. If everyone would make an honest effort to understand EACH OTHER, pretty soon there wouldn't be anybody to be hurt. (Of course, we are still HUMAN, though.)

We..., fellow Xavierites, or those who have finished reading this plainted plea for "peace," CHEER UP! GOD STILL LOVES US!!

From one concerned, free-thinking,
individual to another,
Denny Myers

P.W. Hall of Fame

HARRY JC + SUS AG
DIGGER
KALSER
DITONGUE
SLICK D.
B.O.D. + P.H.
WAGS
J.D.
Jenny Patterson
HOT LIPS
DR. NETT
Beastie
FELCHT
Chris M
MILLER (NIGHT LIFE)
TWA BITTIE
Joe Rogers



SAY GOOD-BYE DAVE



GOOD-BYE
DAVE

must say I've become a little sentimental about this article and I'm finding it hard to stop. So I think I won't. Wasn't it somebody who said, "A good column never dies, it just fades a-..."

Dave Monastyrski

6TH YEARS STAY



DAMN!

In order to show that I was at the Business Chapter in spirit even though not in body, I'd better write a few words about the discontinuation of Novi before Dr. Nett's final deadline.



WAKE UP,

DUM DUM
DAVE!

With the senior class, the professed junior class, and the present 6th year class each averaging 16 students we have numerous housing possibilities. However, before we consider where we're going to sleep and what it's going to cost us perhaps we should seriously reflect upon our status in relation to the rest of the community. There are those who seem to think we, as unprofessed Super-Mongies, would not be readily accepted into the Schwieterman community.

After taking this into consideration it seems logical to presume that next year's three classes of Super-Mongies should be considered on the same basis. Their place of residence and financial situation should be considered on the basis of a group of men seriously considering the priesthood as a way of life.

It looks like no high authority is going to impose a set of regulations upon us so any decisions we, as a group, can make will carry a lot of influence. So let's make the decision that will benefit us the most in the long run.

Dave Kaiser

game. It looks like a solid team though with Mike Wuebker and Jim Seibert pitching.

IM tennis singles and doubles is moving right along. Dave Kenney and Dave Monastyrski won first round matches and will

face each other later on Paglia and Dabrowski and Blackney and Lampa won first round matches but Paglia and Dabrowski eliminated Blackney and Lampa and are into the finals.

Bill Lessard



SOFTBALL



VOLLEYBALL

ACADEMY

AWARDS



Rog (Falter) - author of best-selling Catch-22 b cause he's such an angular angle.

Arch (Archer) - award for highest bidder of stock in B.F. (Goodrich). No more circumstantial evidence will be put forth. (ED NOTE: THINK IT'S A BOZO NO-NO)

Mark Pritzel - Top 40 number - Jay's "Can't Stop Recording 'Em".

Mike Hoar - best critic and book censor for the Legion of Decency's book review service and "1,2,3, Red Light" for more than one reason.

Gary Luiz - "Got to get a Massage to You" by Bee Gees.

Bino (Ridenour) - Rensselaer Police Force Commendation for outside services in performing duties of Xavier Hall security officer, night watchman and rec-room lid.

Frank Hubeny - for writing Einstein for the Young Sem.

George Mescher - for his rendition of the Swim.

Steve Pfoetz - for his generous contribution to Hair.

Vince Gulas - for his performance in Tobacco Road.

Dennis Myers - Award as a research scientist of the 1929 depression and historical prediction for the future.

Pat Burek - Davey Jones Award for best costume design in the Monkees Special and for his development of the LUV beads and pattern design of the Jantzen Barb-wire swim suit.

Jim Seibert - award from National Historical Society for his latest novel Romulus and Reemer.

Terry Frank - the Faberge award for night-guard on Mongie team.

Harry Coerver - the "boomerang ringleader" of the 5th years -- not for his outstanding leadership qualities -- but for the most consecutive ring returns.

Steve Jerwers - Pulitzer Prize for book of the year -- How to give a Serious Speech. (Messenger Press, 1969)

Joe Hemm - inspiration for the statement "I lost my Nimrod, and gained my Hemmrod."

Culture:

you've got to be kidding!

With the many varied performances of cultural display this Spring came sweet strains of opera and classical music. Admittedly neither of these are Mongie favorites but quite a few of our open-minded men turned out for the events.

The opera, Otello, did not promise to be much and it was not. The entire evening was devoted to lovely Italian song. Most of us with our superb mastery of the Italian tongue were able to make out words only like si along with multiple forms of amare and were willing to let the remainder of the story trickle through our sieve-like minds.

All was not lost. Within three days the Fine Arts Series was saved when the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra showered the college fieldhouse with classical composition. Opening with Rimsky-Korsakov's "Russian Easter Overture," the mood was set for "La Mer" by Debussy. The latter was quite an appropriate selection for that evening because the campus was nearly afloat after a heavy rainfall. Concluding the performance, Dvorak's "Symphony No. 8" and a "Wedding Dance" sent us dancing back to study and daily routine.

Pat Burek



REACH THE CENTER



by LESSARD

IM Sports is swinging into May. The final results of competition will have to be reported by the "GRAPEVINE!" It appears as though Gallagher-Aquinas will capture the top spot in the All-Sport Standing. They have what appears to be an insurmountable 200-point lead over East Seifert-Scharf and Xavier, last year's champion. Xavier is only eight points behind East Seifert Scharf and should take second place with the final IM outcome.

Completing Winter IM Sports the Scharf Stones beat the Bennet Eggmen to take the basketball tournament. Gary Hemmelgarn was the lightweight division wrestling champion. In the double elimination tournament Gary won all his matches. Gary Gettman placed 3rd in his division.

Volleyball is a Mongie Sport. Xavier fielded six teams of ten men apiece--three of which made the tournament. The Mongies, Rabbis, and 4-d's made the nine team single elimination tournament along with the Schwieterman SuperMongies. Xavier fortunes ended there though.

The Mongies and the 4-d's lost in the first round. The Mongies sorely missed the experience of David Kaiser who was away during their game against the N.D.Jags. After losing the first game 15-9 they won the second 15-9. In the third they blew a 13-9 lead and the Jags scored six straight points for a 15-13 game and a 2-1 victory.

The 4'd's went down easier losing two games to the Gallagher BT Raiders 15-9, 15-11. The Rabbis averted a complete first round shut-out by defeating the West Seifert Follies 15-3, 15-10. The next night the Schwieterman Super Mongies knocked out the Rabbis 15-8, 15-10.

Softball is in full swing with only one Xavier team in the 12-inch softball league. Xavier entered three teams but a secretarial error by the IM representative (myself) caused a scheduling problem that could only be partly salvaged. The Xavier Mongies couldn't take advantage of their partial reprieve and dropped their first game 8-7 in a rain-shortened five inning

Vince Lengerich - has been awarded the best charter member of the Hell's Angels moped chapter in Rensseltucky.

Scado (Fisher) - Golden record for highest selling single in '64 -- Needles and Pins by the Searchers.

Nick Klinker - grammy award for vocals in Sounds of Silence.

Reed - Conn Music Co. award which will supply the sax to match his reed.

WROD (Jackson) - best vocal and characterization of Pinball Wizard by the Who.

Hemmel (Hemmelgarn) - 4-H club trophy for entering himself in the beef-cattle, livestock show.

Mike Ralston - received the award for best portrayal fo the movie, The Brotherhood with his 2 colleagues, Estada and Pags; also for his famous saying: "Do you not know that I must be about my studies?"

Joe Miller - has been given the "EXCITING" award for lead vocal in The Girl Watcher, Sweet Pea(2).

Dudley (Dabrowski) - Bruin Hockey Award for Bruno (as well as MAUS) -- a terri-cloth tennis shirt with "Bruno" embroidered on the back for OUR team.

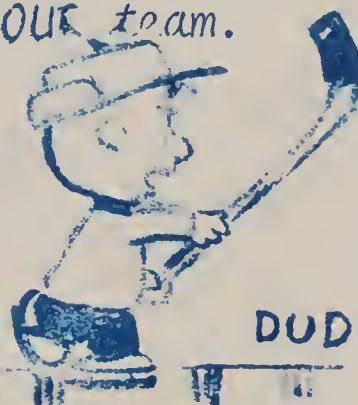


B

LUKAS



B



DUDLEY

Strap Wanner - Oscar for lead male role in Sweet November plus a surprise picnic for Hod Carrie's U-nion 169 at the "Sugar Shack."

Greg Lukas - nomination for "S.J.C."s most coveted award - a letter in varsity T.V. with supplementary backing from NBC, CBS, ABC, & the Rensselaer U.S. Weather Bureau. Also a guaranteed job placement in a Hai Karate factory for acting in Cool Hand Lucas.



JOE
"GIRL
WATCHER"
MILLER



45



Dave Dornseif - Best portrayal of Junior Walker's hit "Roadrunner" and Wichita Lineman for riding the rails every night.

Gary Gettman - best rendition of 'All Star' song, "Shotgun."

Bill Stang - Best supporting actor in Boston Stranger.

Hugh Henderson - Top Ten Tune, "Good, Bad, and Ugly" by Hugh Montenegro and acknowledgements for the inspiration of "Rocky Raccoon."

Grabow - "I Love and I Lost(Face)" by the Impressions and theme from Public Finance's "You've Got Borrowing Power."

Phil Smith - Hercules Unchained

George Klazynski - The Fixer

Richard Field - "Hit the Road, Jack"

James Dvorscak - The Life and Times of St. Agatha

Bernie Hahn - Costume design--White Socks

Sound of Music - Jerry Montana, Hugh Henderson, Terry Nufer, George Blackney

Hair - John Rietschlin

Wizard of Oz - Joe Fisher

The Odd Couple - Tom Bohman and Jerry Montana

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner - Hugh Henderson

Scalphunters - Ed Lampa

Prudence and the Pill - Tom Merriman

Songs. . .

"California Dreamin'" - Jerry Korba and Jim Santomieri

"I Started a Joke" - Charlie McCafferty

"Take Me Out to the Ballgame" - Denny Link

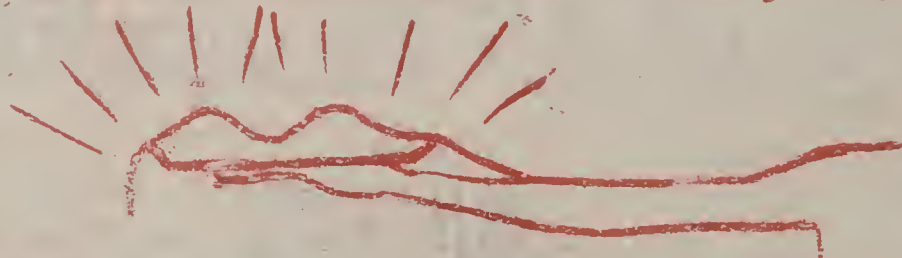
"I'm the Pied Piper" - Jerry Montana

"If I Were a Carpenter" - Leo Wasserman

"Mellow Yellow" - George Blackney

"Blowing in the Wind" - Mike Kanaby

"He Was a Most Peculiar Man" - Terry Nufer



A Man and Eight Women - Gene Zondlo

The Lady and the Thump - Jim Dunninger

Horatio Hornblower, The Greatest Show on Earth-Hortway

The Night They Rodeed Sokarski's - Jim Wayner

The Male Animal - Urge Keller

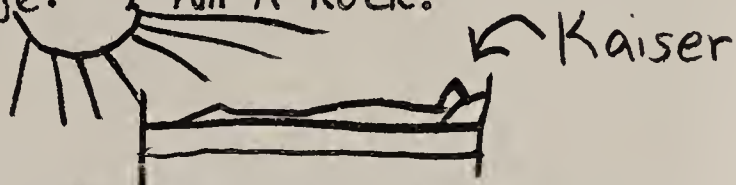
Jim Brown - using a college grant from IBM and receiving 10,000 computer cards for neatness and a computer ordered desk.

Jim Dix - a scholarship from Black and Decker power tools for inventing the electric sandy drill.

Tim Moenk - The Amish "Wierd Beard" citation.

Mike Wuebker - visual aid for the saying: "Only the Strong Survive."

Rich Paglia - The Chico "Veto Bandito" award for bringing gaiety into everyone's life: "I Am A Rock."



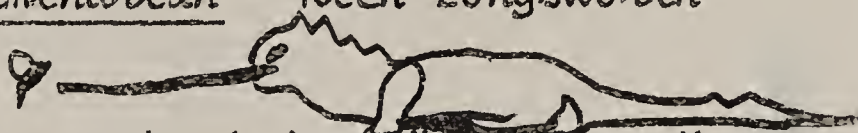
Rosemary's Baby - Steve Nett

Agony and the Ecstasy - Bill O'Donnell and Fr. Hanish

Suddenly Last Summer - Ed Feicht

The Stalking Moon; Too Far To Walk - Dave Kaiser

Sex and the Model Seminarian - Rich Longsworth



Dr. Doolittle ("Talk to the Animals") - Dave Kenney

The Night of the Iguana - Bill Lessard

The Pawnbroker - Pat Riha

The President's Plane Is Missing - Carlos Graupera

Wild in the Streets - Dave Monastyrski

Sugar Lips; Kiss Me Stupid - Rich Richina

What's New, Pussycat - Glen Brandel



Lady in Cement - Mike Botos

The Best Years of Our Lives - Xavier Hall

Petticoat Junction - Schwieterman Hall

King of the Road - Mark Lorenzo

For the Marlboro Smokers--The Buckingham Award for "Kind of a Drag."

Fr. Joseph Rodak - "Little Latin Lupi Lu."

The "X" - theme song: "I Wish It Would Rain."

Fr. Eilerman - "Mony, Mony."

The Mongies - "Hey, Hey, We're the Mongies."

Fr. Robbins - "Pay Back With Interest."

Mr. Hentschel - Pulitzer Prize for dramatic presentation of "Hentschel and Gretel" and "If I Were a Carpenter."

Graupera, Dornseif, Jerwers, Bohman, Link

